

Newport



Mercury.

ESTABLISHED JUNE 12, 1758.

Volume XC.

Poetry.

THE SLEEPING CHILD.

BY LEIGH HUNT.

A brook went dancing on its way,
From bank to valley leaping
And by its sunny margin lay,
A loving infant sleeping.
The murmur of the piping stream
Broke not the spell that bound him,
Like music breathing in his dream
A lullaby around him.

It is a lovely sight to view,
Within this world of sorrow,
One spot which still retains the hue
That earth from heaven may borrow;
And such was this—a scene so fair,
Arranged in summer brightness,
And one poor being resting there—
One soul of radiant whiteness.

What happy dreams, fair children, are given
To cast earth over thee?
What cord unites that soul to heaven
Where visions glide before thee?
For wandering spirits of countless mirth
O'er thy glad features beaming,
Say, not a thought—a form of earth,
Alloys thine hour of dreaming!

Mayhap, after on unseen wings,
Thy silent spirit soaring,
Now hears the burst from golden springs,
Where angels are adoring,
And with the pure angelic throng,
Around the Captain praising,
The joyous heart may join the song
Ten thousand tongues are raving!

ARMOURY.

CORN FOR FODDER.—There is no plant cultivated in this country that yields so large a crop of excellent green corn. It also affords the advantages of rapid growth and easy culture. As a substitute for pasturing, it is one of the very best, being almost equal to luxuriant grass, and far superior to scanty herbage, which is frequently all that cattle can obtain, in time of drought, which often occurs late in summer, and early in fall. When corn is grown of a suitable size, and well cured, it is equal to good hay for winter food.

In the older parts of the country, particularly among milkmen around cities and large towns, corn for fodder has been considerably cultivated for several years; and they know the value of it well. But in the interior, farmers have paid less attention to the subject, and in consequence, in time of drought, late in the season, they have to feed their cattle from the barn to supply the deficiency of pasture; and in this way reduce their winter supply for fodder, which is already sufficiently small.

If the land be rather coarse and rough, rarely, until the soil becomes a fine tilth, manure well and mix the manure intimately with the soil. Wood ashes are an excellent manure in part. Sow pretty thick to rather broad drills, and give it a light dressing with a hoe. No more cultivation will be needed, as the plants will soon shade the land and keep down the weeds. Will farmers who have never tried the value of fodder corn, make an experiment on a small scale?

EDIBLES.

MINCED VEAL.—Cut the remains of cold veal, left from a previous dinner, into very small dice, with a portion of the fat, and a slice of lean dressed ham. Put into a stewpan about an ounce of butter, with a finely chopped small onion; place over the fire, and stir until the onion is done; then stir in a table-spoonful of flour; mix well, and add gradually a pint of milk, or milk and broth. Season with white pepper, salt, and a little nutmeg. Let the whole boil ten minutes, and add the minced veal and ham with the juice of half a lemon; warm, and serve with slices of toasted bread in the dish. Poached eggs may also be served with it.

HOW TO TOAST BREAD.—If you would have a slice so toasted as to be pleasant to the palate, and wholesome and easily digested, never let one particle of the surface be charred. Chestnut brown is even too far deep for a good toast. The nearer it can be kept to a straw color, the more delicious it will be. This is done by keeping the bread a proper distance from the fire and exposing it to a proper heat.

EVERTON TOFFY.—Take a quarter of a pound of fresh butter; put it into a pipkin and melt it over a gentle fire; then add half a pound of brown sugar; stir them well together, and keep them over the fire for ten or twelve minutes, or until some of the mixture, dropped into cold water, sets hard. It may then be poured out into tin moulds, or on a sheet of writing-paper with the edges folded up, previously rubbed with butter.

STORY TALE.

THE LOTTERY OF LIFE.

THE VOLADERO.

Sharpe's Magazine, for May, contains a translation from the "Scène des Deux Mondes," of several "Incidents in the War of Mexican Independence," from which we select the following thrilling scene.—A captain in the insurgent army is giving an account of a meditated night attack upon a hacienda, situated in the Cordillera, and occupied by a large force of Spanish soldiers. After a variety of details, he continues :

Having arrived at the hacienda unperceived, thanks to the obscurity of a moonless night, we came to a halt under some large trees, at some distance from the building, and I rode forward from my troop in order to reconnoitre the place. The hacienda, so far as I could see in gliding across the trees, formed a huge massive parallelogram, strengthened by enormous masses of hewn stone. Along this chasm, the walls of the hacienda almost formed the continuation of another perpendicular one, chiselled by nature herself in the rocks, to the bottom of which the eye could not penetrate, for the mists which incessantly boiled up from below did not allow it to measure their awful depths.—This place was known in the country by the name of "the Voladero."

I had explored all sides of the building except this, when I knew not what scruple of military honor incited me to continue my ride along the ravine which protected the rear of the hacienda. Between the walls and the precipice, there was a narrow pathway about six feet wide; by day, the passage would not have been dangerous, but by night it was a perilous enterprise.—The walls of the farm took an extensive sweep, the path crept around their entire basement, and to follow it to the end in the darkness, only two paces from the edge of a perpendicular chasm, was no very easy task, even for so practised a horseman as myself. Nevertheless, I did not hesitate, but boldly urged by horse between the walls of the farm-house and the abyss of the Voladero. I had got over half the distance without accident, when all of a sudden my horse neighed aloud. This neigh made me shudder. I had reached a pass where the ground was but just wide enough for the four legs of a horse, and it was impossible to retreat my steps.

"Hello!" I exclaimed aloud, at the risk of betraying myself—which was even less dangerous than encountering a horseman in front of me on such a road. "There is a Christian passing along the ravine!—Keep back!"

It was too late. At that moment, a man on horseback passed round one of the buttresses, which here and there obstructed this accursed pathway. He advanced towards me. I trembled in my saddle; my forehead was bathed in a cold sweat.

"For the love of God! can you not return?" I exclaimed, terrified at the fearful situation in which we both were placed.

"Impossible!" replied the horseman, in a hollow voice.

I recommended my soul to God. To turn our horses round for want of room, to back them along the path which we had traversed, or even to dismount from them—these were three impossibilities, which placed us both in the presence of a fearful doom. Between two horsemen so placed upon this fearful path, had they been father and son, one of them must inevitably have become a prey of the abyss. But a few seconds had passed, and we were already face to face—the unknown and myself. Our horses were head to head, and their nostrils, dilated with terror, mingled together their fiery breathing. Both of us halted in a dead silence. Avoe was the smooth wall of the hacienda; on the other side, but three feet distance from the wall opened the horrible gulf. Was it an enemy I had before my eyes? The love of my country, which boiled at that period in my young bosom, led me to hope it was.

"Are you for Mexico and the insurgents?" I exclaimed, in a moment of excitement, ready to spring upon the unknown horseman if he answered me in the negative.

"Mexico e Insurgent—that is my password," replied the cavalier. "I am the Colonel Garduno."

"And I am the Captain Castanos."

Our acquaintance was of long standing, and but for our mutual agitation, we should have had no need to exchange our names. The colonel had left us two days before at the head of a detachment, which we supposed to be either prisoners or cut off, for he had not been seen to return to the camp.

"Well," colonel, "I exclaimed, "I am sorry you are not a Spaniard—for you perceive that one of us must yield the pathway to the other."

Our horses had the bridle on their necks, and I put my hand in the husters of my saddle to draw out my pistols.

"I see it so plainly," replied the colonel, with alarming coolness, "that I should already have blown out the brains of your horse, but for the fear less mine, in a moment of terror, should precipitate me with yourself to the bottom of the abyss."

I remarked, in fact, that the colonel already held his pistols in his hand. We both maintained the most profound silence.

Our horses felt the danger like ourselves, and remained as immovable as if their feet were nailed to the ground. My excitement had entirely subsided. "What are we going to do?" I demanded of the colonel.

"Draw lots which of the two shall leap into the ravine."

It was in truth the sole means of resolving the difficulty.

"There are nevertheless some precautions to take," said the colonel. "He who shall be condemned by lot shall retire backwards. It will be but a feeble chance of escape for him, I admit; but in truth it is a chance, and especially one in favor of the winner."

"You cling not to life, then?" I cried out terrified at the *sang-froid* with which this proposition was put to me.

"I cling to life more than yourself," sharply replied the colonel, "for I have a mortal outrage to avenge. But the time is slipping away. Are you ready to proceed to draw the last lottery at which one of us will ever exist?"

How were we to proceed to this drawing by lot? By means of the wet finger, like infants, or by head and tail, like the schoolboys? Both ways were impractical.—Our hands, impudently stretched out over the heads of our frightened horses, might cause them to give a fatal start. Should we toss up a piece of coin, the night was too dark to enable us to distinguish which side fell upwards. The colonel bethought him of an expedient, of which I should never have dreamed.

"Listen to me, captain," said the colonel, to whom I communicated my perplexities: "I have another way. The terror which my horses feel makes them draw every moment a burning breath. The first of us two whose horse shall neigh—"

"Wins!" I hastily exclaimed.

"Not so—shall be the loser."

We waited in deep and anxious silence until the voice of one of our horses should break forth. This silence lasted for a minute—for an age! It was my horse who neighed the first. The colonel gave no external manifestation of his joy, but no doubt he thanked God to the very bottom of his soul.

"You will allow me a minute to make my peace with Heaven!" I said to the colonel, with fumbling voice.

"Will five minutes be sufficient?"

"It will," I replied. The colonel drew out his watch. I addressed towards the heavens, brilliant with stars, which I thought I was looking up to for the last time, an intense and a burning prayer.

"It is time," said the colonel.

I recommended nothing, and with infirm hand gathered upon the bridle of my horse, and drew it within my fingers, which were agitated by a nervous tremor.

"Yet one moment more," I said to the colonel, "for I have need of all my courage to carry into execution the fearful measure which I am about to commence."

"Granted," replied Garduno.

My education, as I have said, had been in the country. My childhood, and part of my earliest youth, had almost been passed on horse-back. I may, without flattering myself, say, that if there was any one in the world capable of executing this equestrian feat, it was myself. I rallied myself with an almost supernatural effort, and succeeded in recovering my entire self-possession in the very face of death. Take it at the worst, I had already braved it too often to be any longer alarmed at it. From that instant I dared to hope afresh.

As soon as my horse felt, for the first time since my re-encounter with the colonel, the bit compressing his mouth, I perceived that he trembled beneath me. I strengthened myself firmly on my stirrups, to make him understand that his master no longer trembled. I held him up with the bridle and the hams, as every good horseman does in a dangerous passage with the bridle, the body, and the spur together, succeeded in backing him a few paces. His head was already at a greater distance from that of the horse of the colonel, who encouraged me all the

time with his voice. This done, I let the poor trembling brute, who obeyed me in spite of his terror, repose himself for a few moments—and then recommended the same manoeuvre. All on a sudden I felt his hind legs give way under me. A horrible shudder ran through my whole frame. I closed my eyes as if about to roll to the bottom of the abyss, and I gave to my body a violent impulse on the side next the hacienda, the surface of which offered not a single projection, not a single tuft of weeds to check my descent. This sudden movement, joined to the desperate struggles of my horse, was the salvation of my life. He had sprung up again on his legs, which seemed ready to fall from under him, so desperately did I feel them tremble.

I had succeeded in reaching, between the brink of the precipice and the wall of the building, a spot some few inches broader. A few more would have enabled me to turn him round, but to attempt it here would have been fatal, and I dared not venture. I sought to resume my backward progress, step by step. Twice the horse threw himself on his hind legs and fell down upon the same spot. It was in vain to urge him anew, either with voice, bridle, or spur; the animal obstinately refused to take a single step in the rear. Nevertheless I did not feel my courage exhausted, for I had no desire to die. One last and solitary chance of safety suddenly appeared to me like a flash of light, and I resolved to employ it. Through the fastening of my boot, and in reach of my hand, was passed a sharp and keen knife, which I drew from its sheath. With my left hand I began caressing the mane of my horse, all the while letting him hear my voice. The poor animal replied to my caresses by a plaintive neighing; then, not to alarm him abruptly, my hand followed by little and little the curve of his nervous neck, and finally rested upon the spot where the last of the vertebrae unites itself with the cranium. The horse trembled but I calmed him with my voice. When I felt his very life, so to speak, palpitate in his brain beneath my fingers, I leaped over towards the wall, my feet gently slid from the stirrups, and with one vigorous blow I buried the pointed blade of my knife in the seat of the vital principle. The animal fell as if thunderstruck, without a single motion; and for myself, with my knees almost as high as my chin, I found myself on horseback across a corpse. I was saved! I uttered a triumphant cry, which was responded to by the colonel, and which the abyss re-echoed with a hollow sound, as it felt that its prey had escaped from it. I quitted the saddle, sat myself down between the wall and the body of my horse, and vigorously pushed with my feet against the carcass of the wretched animal, which rolled down the abyss. I then arose, and cleared at a few bounds the distance which separated the place where I was from the plain; and under the irresistible reaction of the terror which I had so long repressed, I sunk in a swoon upon the ground. When I re-opened my eyes, the colonel was by my side.

TAKING NOTES.

A great many years ago, when there were slaves in Massachusetts, and some of the best men in the community owned them, there was a clergyman in a town in Essex county, whom we may call Rev. Mr. Cogswell, who had an old and favorite servant by the name of Coffee. As was often the case, Coffee had as much liberty to do as he pleased, as anybody else in the house; and he probably entertained a high respect for himself.

Coffee noticed, one Sunday morning that several gentlemen were taking notes of the sermon; and he determined to do the same thing.

So, in the afternoon, he brought a sheet of paper, and pen and ink.

The minister, happening to look down into his pew, could hardly maintain his gravity, as he saw his negro, Coffee, seated in his box, writing furiously on his paper. Coffee, however, did not notice him, and continued his notes.

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NEWPORT, R. I., SATURDAY MORNING, AUGUST 30, 1851.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Col. ETHAN ALLEN.

From Hunt's *Merchants' Magazine*.

A COMMERCIAL SKETCH OF NEWPORT R. I. Number 4,661.

BY GEORGE C. MASON.

In 1638, Governor Coddington (having

associated himself with seventeen others)

purchased Aquidneck (or "Isle of Peace")

of the Indian sachems, in his own name as

agent. The company immediately took

possession of the island, and settled on its

northern extremity, where they proposed

establishing a colony. A town was regular-

ly laid out, and at first called Pocasset

—now known as Portsmouth. The colony

prospered, and the following summer search

was made for a more favorable location,

which resulted in the selection of the south-

western extremity of the island, now known

as Newport. The following spring, a part

of the colony moved to the new site, laid

out the principal streets, and commenced

the erection of houses. At a subsequent

date, the town was called "Rhode Island,"

FOREIGN NEWS.

The confederate republic of American water-places seems to be rapidly resolving itself into the supreme and undivided monarchy of Newport. Other resorts are local, in their fame and attractions; it alone is national. It has been gradually assuming the eminence and universality of a social capital; while other spots once primary and independent and sovereign in pretensions, have declined into narrowness and subordination. In visiting lately the tanned and sunken haunts of a famous summer scene, one went to be glowing and distended with excess of popularity, we were almost inclined to summon up, as of kindred me awoke, the recollection of the fate of Babylon the Great; and if we had a pocket copy of Volney's *Ruins* by us, we should have meditated upon the warnings of that volume, with deepened interest; amid empty ball-rooms, neglected promenades, and "cottages to let." So far as permanency ought to be predicted for anything dependent on the changeable qualities of taste and fashion, Newport bids fair to enjoy a very tolerable immortality of empire. There are sufficient reasons for the ascendancy which it has gained, and for the continuance of that ascendancy.

In the first place, the climate is as near perfection as can fall to the lot of an earthly watering-place. It is the only place in the country, where, in the hottest weather, and at all hours of the day, you are certain of being able to be cool. The temperature, moreover, is more equable than on any part of the continent; and the place is thus free from the greatest evil of American weather. The range of the thermometer, both during the day, and throughout the year, is less than in other places. It seems, in fact, to enjoy an insular climate of its own.

The natural beauties of Newport pass quite beyond comparison with any sea-side resort in this country. The romantic variety and picturesque elegance of its coast scenery, where the salt spray, foaming against the rocks, momentaneously dashes itself into rainbows, present the most enchanting splendours of impression that land, and sea, and sunshine, in their combinations, can produce. A walk along the cliffs is like a ramble through a select gallery of Birch's marine views. To sit on high upon some "coin of vantage" in the rock, and gaze upon the white waters wrestling in undying wrath with the eternal bases of the earth, while the Spirit of Beauty, prevailing over both, transmutes the terror into glory, and spreads out before the imagination an exhaustless banquet of visionary delight, is a pleasure that invests that region in a spiritual lustre, and consecrates it to the enthusiasms of the poet as much as to the enjoyments of the gay and the crowd-loving.

It is not to be wondered that gentle and pensive souls like Berkeley and Canning—the "temple-hunting martlet-spirits of humanity"—that resort "where the air is delicate," and who "approve by their loved mansions, where heaven's breath smells wondrously," should have found especially inspiration for their holy fancies and their kindly feelings, in scenes where the pure and the beautiful and the majestic in Nature combine to shed their most exalting and exalting influences upon the mind and heart.

The atmospheric effects which may be observed around Newport almost approach those iris-like enchantments that glorify Southern Italy in the memory of a landscape-singing traveller. Those any fascinations—roseate and purple and violet—with which the hills and rocks and waters of Naples are so profusely invested, are here poured forth in delicate profusion to heighten, almost to an intoxicating charm, forms that were already more than lovely. The drives in the neighborhood of the town are numerous and varied and beautiful. They have the advantage of affording unwearying entertainment to eyes and hearts devoted to Nature's lofty service, and of giving parades, whose interests must of course be considered, an opportunity of displaying their showy equipments.

Social Newport is as delightfully different from all rival assembling-places, as the natural qualities of the scene are superior to all near or distant competition—Hotel life at Newport is perhaps on the decline; it is neither so popular nor so agreeable as it was a few years ago. But cottage life—which is the true life of Newport—is extending and improving. In other words, the floating capital of favour that circulated about the region, is becoming permanently founded; and these investments imply as well as promise a permanent interest. Newport is a place in which a long time ought to be spent, in order to appreciate and appropriate its particular excellencies. It does not abound in startling and stimulating enjoyments, which may be best snatched with a rapid hand, and which pale and perish under a prolonged and familiar gaze.

"You must love, ere to you,
It shall seem worthy of your love."

You must experience the gradual, insensible alteration which the mild invigoration of the air produces without shock or exertion, after some weeks' residence; you must feed upon the refined and quiet beauties of the landscape until your taste has become purged from the love of the turbulent interests of the city, and educated into a capacity to be thrilled by the soft splendours of a mellow sunset, and to find unfailling attractions in foam-fringed rocks and cavernous cliffs; you must make yourself at home with the permanent society of the place, and enjoy the comfort of an intercourse, elegant but unceremonious, intellectual but free from pedantry. Newport, like the highest class of personal characters, gives not forth its best effects to casual acquaintance; and must be known familiarly, to be understood at all. Hire a cottage for the season—surrender yourself to the easy but refined existence which prevails here—make the rocks and caves of the shores acquainted with your footsteps—and you will be tempted to make this place your summer retreat for at least part of every season. The interests and amusements of Newport society are more European than those of any place we know of. An amour of art—a life's perfume enriches the atmosphere delightfully. It was the home of Malbone and Stuart—a favourite residence of Alston—and now the haunt of more than a single votary of the pencil; and the influence which these presences dispensed lingers to refine and elevate the taste. Music has this summer been one of the highest enjoyments.

BY THE MAILS.

Great Conflagration in Concord, N. H.—Loss estimated at \$50,000 to \$150,000!—A slip from the office of the *New Hampshire Patriot* contains particulars of a most destructive conflagration that occurred in Concord on Monday night, destroying the best of the business portion of the town.

The fire commenced at about 11 o'clock, in Abbott's paint-shop, near the Eagle Coffee house, and thence communicated to the stables of the Eagle, Porter & Rose's iron stores, Prescott's Livery stable, to the Hotel, and south to the Merchant's Exchange, sweeping everything in its course to Lov's new block. To the south of the Eagle, Stickney's brick block and all the mass of wooden buildings in the rear were levelled to the ground. The progress of the fire was stayed at Stickney's wooden block, at about 3 o'clock on Tuesday morning. The fire is said to have been the work of an incendiary.

The steamer *Asia*, left Liverpool at half past 12 o'clock, on the 16th inst., and arrived at her wharf in Jersey City, at 6 o'clock Thursday evening, making the passage from wharf to wharf in 12 days 5 hours. She brings 163 passengers, and London dates of the 15th, and Paris of the 14th August.

Neither the English nor continental news possesses a single feature of striking importance.

England.—Mr. E. H. Derby, of Boston, has furnished to *Herapath's Railway Journal*, a statistical account of all the Railways in the United States, which contrast most favorably with the English railway statistics. The economy which marks the management of the American Roads, and the consequent success, contrast most favorably with English management and success.

In the United States department of the Great Exhibition, 24 large packages have recently been added, consisting chiefly of agricultural implements and carriages.—McCormick's reaping machine was a leading object of attraction amongst agriculturists.

The English papers contain the details of more than an average amount of crime and accidents.

The receipts at the Exhibition were perceptibly diminished by the continued intense heat of the weather.

The building used by the House of Commons since the fire in 1835, is being torn down, and the Commons will permanently occupy the New House at their next sitting.

France.—A very destructive fire occurred on the 12th inst. at Havre. It commenced in the ship yard of N. Normand, in the suburb of Perry, and at one time a large part of the city was considered to be in great jeopardy. Three vessels on the stocks were burnt and other property to the amount of four hundred thousand pounds.

In Paris, on the 12th inst. during the funeral of Marshal Sebastiani, at the Hotel des Invalides, a spark from one of the candles on the altar set fire to the surrounding drapery, and a large number of the flags, and similar trophies, with which the walls were hung, were consumed. The building was saved from serious damage, but the loss sustained is much felt by the whole French people.

M. Pierre Bonaparte, cousin to the President, had been thrown from his horse, his leg broken in two places, and his person much bruised; but no danger is apprehended as to his life.

The latest accounts state that he was daily recovering. The President paid him a visit on the 13th.

The President was about to make a tour in the South West and centre of France.

The Councils, of Arrouxent, which had assembled for the transaction of public business, had all, with the exception of the Council of Limoges, advocated the revision of the Constitution.

The permanent committee of the Assembly in Paris, was to meet once a fortnight during the recess.

A. M. Toustain had been condemned to six months imprisonment for having cried "down with Napoleon" at the review of the National Guard of Chatteleurat.

The wife of Major Dembinski, who accompanied him to America after the failure of the Hungarian insurrection, in which he took an active part, was arrested a few weeks ago, on her return to Pesth. She had a forged French passport.

Spain.—News of the re-commencement of the troubles in Cuba had not reached Madrid at the time of our latest advices, and the only item of news from the Spanish capital is, a report that the King insists on the nomination of a Governor of the Palace, which being resisted by the Ministry, was quickly to bring about the usual semi-weekly crisis in the Cabinet.

Italy.—Accounts from Italy mention that a discovery had been made at Venice and Verona, of a vast conspiracy to assassinate the Emperor, and massacre all Austrian officers. Several of the parties implicated had been arrested.

Cape of Good Hope.—Later advices from the Cape of Good Hope state that the Governor had been compelled to remain quiet until the arrival of reinforcements.

India and China.—Under date of July 5th, we learn that orders had been given for the surrender of the Northern Provinces of the Nizam in satisfaction of the sum due to the East India Company.

The English ship Commerce had been wrecked near Aden and a portion of the crew murdered by the natives.

Trade at Bombay was dull.

Naval.—The U. S. screw propeller San Jacinto which was commenced about three years ago, has been completed in the navy yard at Brooklyn. All her machinery is on board, and she was to leave the dry dock on Tuesday, to make room for the French steam-figate Magdala. The San Jacinto will carry six guns. Her length on deck is 220 feet, breadth of beam 37, depth of hold 23 1-4, tonnage 1426 tons.

Accomplice of Stuart.—In publishing the confession of Stuart, who was hung by the Vigilance Committee in San Francisco, the names of a portion of his accomplices who had not been taken were omitted. One of the most noted of these has been ascertained to be Belcher Kay, well known in Boston and Newport, as a jester and sporting character. He had been arrested at last accounts, and has probably found the fate of Stuart.

James Lawless.—Patrick Boyle, and John Robinson, were arrested in Providence, on Saturday night, charged with setting fire to the barn of Thomas L. Hulsey, which was burned, a short time since, on Prospect Hill, in that city, and in default of trial in \$2000 each, they were committed for trial.

AN EAGLE CAUGHT.—The *Philadelphia Bulletin* states that about 11 o'clock Tuesday forenoon, a young American Eagle flew into the hook-bindery of Messrs. J. & J. Gibon, Chestnut street, above Third. The bird measured 60 inches from wing to wing, and 26 inches from the beak to the tail. The feathered stranger has been well cared for.

PERVERSITY.—On Tuesday a woman known as "Beise Baker" was liberated from jail at Newark, where she had been imprisoned for shoplifting. Once free, she went direct to the store where she had been caught, and stole a piece of alpaca, but while running off with it was run over by an omnibus and had her arm broken.

A BEAR.—A bear, a few days ago, in the Notch of the White Mountains. The day before he was seen to cross the Saco on a log, near the Willey House, by a gentleman of New York, and a lad from Boston, as they were fishing for trout.

A PAPER.—A paper in Dickens's Household Words states that the spawn of a single oyster will supply oysters enough for 1200 bbls.

Dreadful Calamity—Five Brothers Burned.—One of the most terrible calamities that we have ever been called to chronicle, took place in the town of Brighton, five miles from this city, between 11 and 12 o'clock, on Tuesday night, Aug. 19th. A brief notice of the heart-rending affair appeared in yesterday's paper. We have gathered up the following particulars: Onacker's house was built of wood, two stories in height, and, as is frequently the case, the oven was constructed on the outside. In this oven Mrs. Onacker had been baking during the part of the evening, and, upon finishing the work, had not removed all the coals.

About midnight, Mr. Onacker and his wife were awakened from sound sleep, by the most dreadful shrieks. They jumped from the bed; the smoke was pouring into their room, half filled with them in thick hot volume; the most horrible cries and groans proceeded from the apartment occupied by their five sons. The awful truth flashed at once upon the poor parents.

The fire attempted to rush to the rescue of the parents, but the smoke was so dense that the fire was stayed at Stickney's wooden block, at about 3 o'clock on Tuesday morning. The fire is said to have been the work of an incendiary.

The loss in buildings alone is estimated at less than \$50,000, with property, probably to a like amount, a part of which was insured. The burnt district embraces some sixty rods in length on the east side of Main street, and twenty in width as far east as the tracks of the Concord and Claremont and Northern Railroads. The centre of the district is directly opposite the State House.

The English papers contain the details of more than an average amount of crime and accidents.

The receipts at the Exhibition were perceptibly diminished by the continued intense heat of the weather.

The building used by the House of Commons since the fire in 1835, is being torn down, and the Commons will permanently occupy the New House at their next sitting.

France.—A very destructive fire occurred on the 12th inst. at Havre. It commenced in the ship yard of N. Normand, in the suburb of Perry, and at one time a large part of the city was considered to be in great jeopardy. Three vessels on the stocks were burnt and other property to the amount of four hundred thousand pounds.

In Paris, on the 12th inst. during the funeral of Marshal Sebastiani, at the Hotel des Invalides, a spark from one of the candles on the altar set fire to the surrounding drapery, and a large number of the flags, and similar trophies, with which the walls were hung, were consumed. The building was saved from serious damage, but the loss sustained is much felt by the whole French people.

Mad Cattle.—The repeated accidents, hair-breadth escapes, and losses of life, resulting from the driving of cattle through the streets of our city, appear to have but little effect upon our cattle traders, as to any measures for arresting the evil. Yesterday morning, in City Hall square, near Nassau street, a young gentleman narrowly escaped with his life from a frantic ox, and was indebted for his preservation to the lowness of the street; the ran had made it muddy and slippery, from which cause, in their full career, the ox and the man—the pursued and the pursuer—just as the horn of the ox was upon the back of his victim—fell prostrate upon the cobble stones. The young man escaped, and the bewildered ox was last seen by our informant upon his "windy way" up Chatham street, at a speed which indicated his desire to escape, to safety.

The ages of the boys were 16, 14, 12, 11, 2.

Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Potato Rot.—A correspondent of the Journal of Commerce writes as follows:—

Cazenovia, (Madison Co.) Aug. 1851.

The potato rot is becoming very severe in this part of the country. I do not undertake to prescribe a remedy, but I will explain the cause, which will be new to many people. The mischief is all done by an insect.

The latest accounts state that he was daily recovering. The President paid him a visit on the 13th.

The President was about to make a tour in the South West and centre of France.

The Councils, of Arrouxent, which had assembled for the transaction of public business, had all, with the exception of the Council of Limoges, advocated the revision of the Constitution.

The permanent committee of the Assembly in Paris, was to meet once a fortnight during the recess.

A. M. Toustain had been condemned to six months imprisonment for having cried "down with Napoleon" at the review of the National Guard of Chatteleurat.

The wife of Major Dembinski, who accompanied him to America after the failure of the Hungarian insurrection, in which he took an active part, was arrested a few weeks ago, on her return to Pesth. She had a forged French passport.

Spain.—News of the re-commencement of the troubles in Cuba had not reached Madrid at the time of our latest advices, and the only item of news from the Spanish capital is, a report that the King insists on the nomination of a Governor of the Palace, which being resisted by the Ministry, was quickly to bring about the usual semi-weekly crisis in the Cabinet.

Italy.—Accounts from Italy mention that a discovery had been made at Venice and Verona, of a vast conspiracy to assassinate the Emperor, and massacre all Austrian officers. Several of the parties implicated had been arrested.

Cape of Good Hope.—Later advices from the Cape of Good Hope state that the Governor had been compelled to remain quiet until the arrival of reinforcements.

India and China.—Under date of July 5th, we learn that orders had been given for the surrender of the Northern Provinces of the Nizam in satisfaction of the sum due to the East India Company.

The English ship Commerce had been wrecked near Aden and a portion of the crew murdered by the natives.

Trade at Bombay was dull.

Naval.—The U. S. screw propeller San Jacinto which was commenced about three years ago, has been completed in the navy yard at Brooklyn. All her machinery is on board, and she was to leave the dry dock on Tuesday, to make room for the French steam-figate Magdala. The San Jacinto will carry six guns. Her length on deck is 220 feet, breadth of beam 37, depth of hold 23 1-4, tonnage 1426 tons.

Accomplice of Stuart.—In publishing the confession of Stuart, who was hung by the Vigilance Committee in San Francisco, the names of a portion of his accomplices who had not been taken were omitted. One of the most noted of these has been ascertained to be Belcher Kay, well known in Boston and Newport, as a jester and sporting character. He had been arrested at last accounts, and has probably found the fate of Stuart.

James Lawless.—Patrick Boyle, and John Robinson, were arrested in Providence, on Saturday night, charged with setting fire to the barn of Thomas L. Hulsey, which was burned, a short time since, on Prospect Hill, in that city, and in default of trial in \$2000 each, they were committed for trial.

AN EAGLE CAUGHT.—The *Philadelphia Bulletin* states that about 11 o'clock Tuesday forenoon, a young American Eagle flew into the hook-bindery of Messrs. J. & J. Gibon, Chestnut street, above Third. The bird measured 60 inches from wing to wing, and 26 inches from the beak to the tail. The feathered stranger has been well cared for.

PERVERSITY.—On Tuesday a woman known as "Beise Baker" was liberated from jail at Newark, where she had been imprisoned for shoplifting. Once free, she went direct to the store where she had been caught, and stole a piece of alpaca, but while running off with it was run over by an omnibus and had her arm broken.

A BEAR.—A bear, a few days ago, in the Notch of the White Mountains. The day before he was seen to cross the Saco on a log, near the Willey House, by a gentleman of New York, and a lad from Boston, as they were fishing for trout.

A PAPER.—A paper in Dickens's Household Words states that the spawn of a single oyster will supply oysters enough for 1200 bbls.

CUBAN RIOT IN NEW ORLEANS.—A despatch to the *Charleston Courier*, dated New Orleans, 21st instant, says that a party of Cuban liberators, mostly western men, exasperated by the tone of the Spanish paper *La Patria*, this afternoon attacked the office of the London Fire Department, or Brigade, as it is called, is very differently managed from that of New York. It is under the superintendence of a Mr. Braudwood, a Scotchman, who planned the system. He is employed by the London Insurance companies under contract, to furnish the engines and men and keeping up the system they pay so much, according to the property they insure. The men have uniforms—a black leather Roman helmet and trim blue frock coats with standing collar. In undress they wear caps. There are six men, I think, employed for each engine; they do nothing else but wait upon and manage it; some of them always sleep in the engine houses, and are 'ever ready.' They do not drag the engine to a fire—two horses, day and night, stand ready at a moment's warning to be hitched to the machine, and their evolutions are exceedingly rapid and well directed. The men are a fine set of fellows, trim, iron and active; they are paid very good wages, and have mostly been London watermen.—They do not



HOT AIR COOKING RANGE.

FOR presenting this Range to the public, the subscriber would call attention to its contrivance. He has been well convinced from his own observations that the public are in want of a Range with such improvements as will render it more perfect for all purposes of domestic utility and economy, than any now in the market.—In the article which he now offers to the public for examination, he has *at the same time* relieved any reliance upon the assurance of expertized manufacturers that their ranges are safe and undeniably the best in the market.—It is the greatest luxury a lady or gentleman could wish for the improvement of health, for comfort and personal embellishment, and its delicate, soothng sensation, and the delightful softness it imparts to the complexion.

Weg few of the prominent properties of the *BALM OF A THOUSAND FLOWERS!*

already well established by actual experience. 1st *This Balm eradicates every defect of the Complexion,*

and establishes in its stead beauty and health, at the time when both, by the changes of age, of health, of disease, and of temperament, are lost and undermined.—2nd *It eases the skin, and draws out all impurities, and every species of pustules and blisters;* also removes tan, sunburns, sores, and freckles, imparting to the skin its original purity and an unimpaired freshness, rendering it clear, smooth and white.—2d.

It promotes the growth and increases the Hair,

Causing it to curl in the most natural manner; it cleaves the head from dandruff, gives vigor, health and life to the very root of the hair.—3d.

It is a superior article for Sharing,

Being superior to all other articles of Soap, Creams, Pastes, &c. As a dressing for clean-

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and removing all impurities, and every species of pustules and blisters; also removes tan, sun-

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